

rushed at his man. That gave the youth his opening. His fist caught the northern king upon the point of the jaw. Sorenson staggered and collapsed upon the snow. His last memory was of seeing a half hundred gaudy socks borne off in triumph by the men of Watson's.

Late the next afternoon a battered, shamefaced figure staggered into the little mission church.

"I've come, padre," said Sorenson humbly.

OPERA STAR SWINGS AN AX AND SHE'S PROUD OF IT



Bath, Me.—She might be dawdling her time away on the Riviera or motoring through France, but hardy Norsewoman that she is, Mme. Olive Fremstad prefers for her vacation diversion the more primitive exercise of chopping wood, climbing hills or swimming in the Atlantic.

At her summer place not far from here Mme. Fremstad frequently fells a pine tree as part of her daily exer-

cise, but whatever else she does she swims a mile every day. "I am strong and healthy, my muscles are like steel," says the grand opera star, "and I am as proud of being able to swing an ax as I am to sing an aria."

FASHION FADS

One of the newest sashes, or made girdles, is of peppermint candy satin. This design has come to the front with amazing swiftness. It is not only used on frocks for waist drapery, but as cravats for negligee skirts or silk or muslin, for panama hatbands, for high standing collars, and for coat lapels.

Sailor hats of chalk-white satin, the brim faced with black straw are fads of the midsummer season. They are attractive, but chalk-white satin isn't exactly practicable.

The tunic skirt is the skirt of the season. The tunic is but a few inches shorter than the underskirt and it falls in graceful folds from a gathered top.

vells are not much in evidence.

Unquestionably the dancing craze has widened the skirt, just as also the same craze was the reason for the slit gaining such popularity. The slit was a necessity, and now that it has done its duty, we are discarding it and widening the skirt, since both here and abroad the world and his wife are dancing.

THE PICNIC LUNCH

I like potato salad now and then;
I often like to pick a chicken wing;
I can eat a hard-boiled egg,
Though for one I'd never beg,
And at times a cherry pie is just the thing.

I can always eat a piece of chocolate cake;

There are wafers that are splendid from a new box;

But when summer follows spring Do not start the picnic thing,

For I hate to take my dinner from a shoe box.—Detroit Free Press,